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The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Message of the Bells

I looked upon the dreary waste
Of man's ambition, lust and fear:
I judged all mortals in my haste—
The New Year bells rang loud and clear!

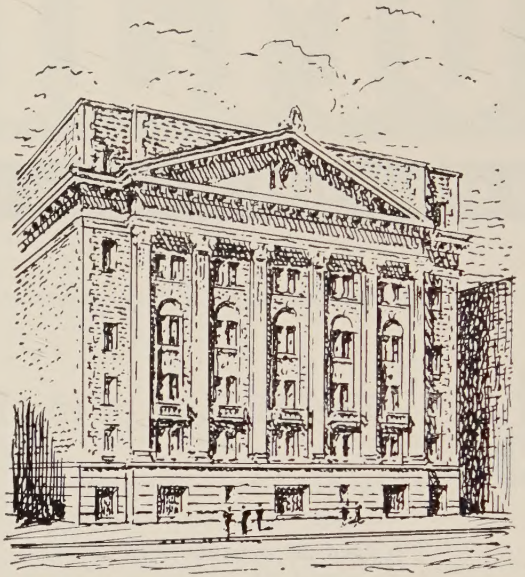
I wept for all the wars of old,
I doubted every dream of peace,
I sighed for mankind's lust of gold—
The bells of New Year would not cease!

I saw the starving poor go down
Amid the battles of the strong;
I cursed the cruel, heartless town—
Again the bells burst into song!

They sang of peace, they sang good will,
They sang of love that soon must reign;
I mocked their song, but could not still
The flooding rapture of their strain.

And thus the bells ring on and on
In countless hearts that claim the Hope:
They hail the ever-coming dawn
Though all the nations darkly grope.

Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | ***January, 1951*** | *Number 10*

BOOK LECTURES BY DR. BRADLEY

January, 1950

In The Peoples Church—Wednesday Evenings—8 o'clock sharp to 9

Wed., Jan. 3—"Look Younger, Live Longer"—Gayelord Hauser

Wed., Jan. 10—"America's 2nd Crusade"—William Henry Chamberlain

Wed., Jan. 17—"The Dignity of Man"—Lynn Harold Hough

Wed., Jan. 24—"Authority and the Individual"—Bertrand Russell

Wed., Jan. 31—"Complete Poems: Carl Sandburg"

In the Chicago Public Library—Thursday Noons—12:15 to 12:45

Thurs., Jan. 4—"Mid-Century"—John Ely Burchard

Thurs., Jan. 11—"On Being Human"—Ashley Montagu

Thurs., Jan. 18—"Worlds in Collision"—Immanuel Velikovsky

Thurs., Jan. 25—"Ideas and Men"—Crane Brinton

* * *

Radio and Television Broadcasts By Dr. Bradley

	(Dial)
WIND—Every morning, Monday, through Friday, 10:45	560
WJJD—Every Sunday morning, 11:00-12:30	1160
WBBM—Every Sunday night, 10:15	780
WGN-TV—Every Monday night, 8:00-8:30	Channel 9

"WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GOD?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, December 10, 1950

THERE was a time in my life when I did not believe in God. There was a time when the doubts and the misgivings about any reality which we call God occupied a great deal of my thinking. Even in the early years of my pastorate in this church there were times of great doubt. There were many, many times in which I was so challenged, as experience and reality contrasted to my belief and conception of God that I was ready to acknowledge to myself that no such character or being as I had been trained and taught to call God could possibly exist in the world.

That time has passed, and while I make no pretense of according to those who are unusually erudite in their thinking processes that I have an answer to the reality of God, I make no pretense of knowing all the answers—the problems are still many—the difficulties are most apparent, and at an hour when we see the mighty manifestations of catastrophic immensity in the workings of nature itself, we ask ourselves the question "What about God now? Where is God now?" And one of the questions which is asked me more than any other as I go about my daily tasks in the work which my profession requires is the constant challenge from people "Why should God do this to me? Why should this happen to me? Why should this catastrophe and this tragedy happen at all?"

Only this past week I had to stand with a family stricken with an immense grief. When death comes to the aged it frequently seems natural and seems quite all right; but when it strikes down the young, those who have every right to life; and when it comes to an only child who has lived through into the moment of probably the greatest happiness which a parent can have; when the child is just beginning to be able to respond to the love and the care and to appreciate what sacrifice means; and then to have that child stricken and taken away out of your life; and to have a mother and a father stand with their arms about each other before a little white casket and look you straight in the face and say "What have you to say now about God?" In the challenges that one has to meet in the apparent injustices of life in which so many people are the victims of life—suffering from no contribution of their own—agonizing from no contributing factor of their own; and they look at you and say "Where is God now? What has happened to God?"

Sometimes in the universe things happen that bring this question concretely and unequivocably straight home to your mind, and you begin to think and to reason and try to utilize logic and see what you can do with the answer, when we have facing us the great catastrophies of nature. We are taught in the Bible "Thou shalt not commit murder," and society is co-ordinated upon the basis that murder is a crime; and yet a plane of Roman Catholic pilgrims, including priests, several devout Sisters, several loyal laymen and women of the church from a little Canadian village smash up against a European mountain and they find them all frozen to death, mangled beyond recognition, some of their fingers holding a rosary, and dy-

ing with a prayer upon their lips, while out in that Canadian village one family of seven or eight children mourn the death of a father and a mother in that plane; and they had just left the benediction of His Holiness in the Vatican and the plane crashed against a mountain! "Where is God now?" they ask.

And a New Tribes plane this past week fell with young missionaries, young men, young women, some of them happily married, just beginning life, going out to the far flung mission fields of the world; and that plane from the New Tribes mission crashes against an American mountainside! And in this city this very night a church is holding a memorial service for the victims of the New Tribes plane; and people look at you and say "Where is God now?"

A great volcano is now pouring its lead and flame down another mountainside, overtaking hundreds, hundreds of men and women and little children in the villages by the mountainside as the fury of molten lava sears their bodies beyond recognition; and the world says "Where is God now?" and I am asked that question every day of my life. In a universe where we're taught not to murder, men and women are killed by the uncontrollable forces of that universe — flood, fire — those eight people in that tenement house yesterday in our own city—3 o'clock in the morning awakened in a living furnace! Where is God now? Until any soft emotional superficial answer is not enough; and when they ask themselves "If God is good, if He is all-powerful, and if He is all-powerful and permits all of this to happen, could He possibly be all good?" Would someone who is all-good and at the same time all-powerful ever stand by and see this happen? In the world where the goodness of God has manifested itself in the creation of potentialities and resourcefulness, where there is land enough and coal enough and oil enough and gold enough and beauty enough that every man, woman and child on this earth could be living a creative, constructive life. It's all here—plenty of it—and yet tonight three hundred million people on this earth will go to bed—if they have a bed—hungry and starving to death, while famines rage and man creates still more powerful instruments for his own mutilation and destruction, and we say to each other "Where is God now? What is God that this happens?"

My dear friends, I would be naive indeed if I in this solemn moment would even pretend to have all the answers. I haven't. I don't pretend to have. So what is there left to do? What point of view is it possible for one to take who conceives of the goodness of God, the greatness of God in a universe in which cosmic forces violate apparently that goodness and that greatness? The mind of every philosopher from the first time man started to think has been concerned with this problem, and there has been no answer. It would be comparatively easy to answer if we believed in many gods. If we were like the ancients who had a multiplicity of Gods, it would not be difficult. It would be still easier to answer if we were like the ancient Zoroasters and the sorcerers—the Zoroasters who believed in two gods—the god of light and the god of darkness. If we could simplify it down to such a scale, it would be comparatively easy.

It is not that easy. It is not that simple. So as human beings, being born without our consent or consultation—none of us asked to be born—not one of us—as human beings leaving this life without our consent—as long as we retain any semblance of intelligence, we desire, once we have known life, to

hang on to it. The will to live is one of the most universal attributes of the human spirit. The will to live! We're reluctant to meet death and we avoid it with all the skill of science that we possibly can accumulate to prolong our lives upon this earth. No matter what experiences we have had and no matter how life has afflicted and beaten us, still the persistency to keep it in spite of everything! We want to stay here as long as we can.

And so standing quite objectively apart from it all, there is to me not an answer—I have no answer for the problem of evil or of death—I have no answer. I don't know if there is one. Maude Royden, the great British woman minister and one of the finest orators I have ever heard—she stood one night in this pulpit—perhaps you may remember that night—one of the most beautiful spiritual personalities in the British pulpit—and Maude Royden one time said "If I am asked to explain evil, I can't. If I am asked to explain why these things happen, I can't. But there is one thing I know. There is available a power so that I can overcome every experience of life, and religion to me is not answering questions. Religion is not merely having an answer to all the enigmas and the problems that you and I face. That isn't religion at all."

How would the Greatest Heart that ever bloomed in the flower of humanity, in the garden of humanity, face the same issues? Would He have an answer? When Imperial Pilate faced Him on that memorable day Pilate said to Him "What is truth?" and the record says He remained silent. They were trying to find out from the most sensitive spiritual mind and the purest heart that ever functioned on this plane of human existence—they were trying to find out from Him the answer; and He remained silent! Of course He did. For He gave us the only solution there is. Jesus never said in one parable "I can tell you what God is. I can explain God to you." He never even intimated that. Jesus never attempted to explain the world.

The only thing He ever attempted He succeeded at—not explaining the world—but He arose to a great climax of moral and spiritual unity with God when He said "I have overcome the world!" Jesus never said "I can explain it," but He did say "I have overcome it!" That is the answer. It is the answer to every heartache. It is the answer to every disaster. It is the answer to every inquiring mind. Christianity itself and all other great significant religions that have molded and blended the heart and spirit of man into some semblance of dignity and greatness have all based their attitudes upon that same sublime position. Christianity, the most effective of all in the transformation of the human personality, was always facing tragedies. Why, it started with a cross! It began there. And in that last moment of comradeship between the Master and His disciples, in that high moment which He knew was to be the last fellowship with them, there was present Judas!

We're in a dual universe. It is the very nature and the consistency of the universe, a universe where the impossible-to-stop controlling force of creative evolution goes on its relentless way—de-personalizing, de-humanizing all law! Man does not break the law of gravitation when he jumps from a high building. He does not break any law. Man simply demonstrates the law. He proves it. He proves that the law of gravitation exists, and we are in a structural universe where the relentless forces go on their ruthless way de-personalizing, de-humanizing, without consideration of you or without consideration of me. "The rain falls,"

says the Ancient Scripture, "on the just and on the unjust." The flash of lightning which will set afire a house of infamy and of shame—the same flash of lightning will strike a cross on the top of a Sanctuary of God! The same law which when violated will send a plane crashing to the earth will carry people safely, comfortably to their journey's end!

You see the trouble we get into? It is not God's fault, neither is it God's way. It is our fault, and it is our way; and when man violates the fundamental natural laws of the cosmos, when man toys with or tampers with or adjusts or tries to abrogate or rescind or change those fundamental laws, then man crashes into the mountain. Then man drowns in the sea. And when in the social relationships of man, man violates the fundamental laws of humanity, selfishness and pride, lying and hypocrisy and hatred and vengeance sweep into the soul of man. Then war comes! God never created a flood in His life! God never promoted a war in His life! God never brought suffering to the innocent and to those who were not entitled to the tragedy—never! It is man's unwillingness to co-operate so unitedly with the spirit and the truth of God and of love that causes man to violate these principles of God and then—trouble! And then heartache! That is as near as we can come to the answer.

I have never known a person in my life who was critical of another, who lied about them, who attacked them, who hurt them—I have never known a person of that temperament whose life was not filled with trouble! I have never known a person that sought situations of envy and jealousy and malice and hatred that those situations did not germinate in their own souls and much of their own hatred and their own intolerance is born out of the tragic confusion of their own lives!

When harmony and the spirit of peace with the Divine exists, then let the trouble come. We should not pray to avoid trouble. I never have in one prayer I've ever uttered in my life asked God that I could avoid trouble. I am not anxious to miss any heartaches. I have had them all. I am not asking for blue skies and quiet moonlight. That is unrealistic, and I don't blame it on God when I don't have blue skies or when the storm strikes. That is unrealistic. I do not ask that life be easy. I only ask that I have the strength to face the world. That is why so many people think of religion as a prop. They think of it as a crutch. They think of religion as an escape. They think of religion as some sort of insurance and when everything is lovely and beautiful, they haven't very much use for religion or for God. They wait for trouble and heartache and disaster and war and disease and then they cry out as One cried out in the great tragedy of His life, and man has been crying ever since "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" If the Prince of Peace, if the King of Glory, if the Savior of men's souls could feel the agony of a forsaking God when pestilence and turbulence and disaster were all about Him, when friends had deserted Him and betrayed Him, when He was lied about and accused and criticized, when He stood alone; if out of the agony of His heart He could cry "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"; if He could do it, so can you and so can I. Religion is not something that helps us to dodge life. Religion is something which helps us to face life heroically and nobly. Then we can sing "Before the mountains were brought forth, before the sea was formed, from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God!"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Jan. 8, 1:00 p.m.—Civil Service and Law Observance Depts. Speaker, Hon. Judge Robert J. Dunn. Guest artists, the Park Ridge School Chorus. Chairman, Mrs. F. C. Klemp. Hostesses, Mrs. W. Blyth, Mrs. H. Gaensslen and Mrs. J. Goode

Jan. 22, 1:00 p.m.—Public Health Dept. Speaker, Mr. R. W. Artis, Dist. Supervisor of Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Guest artist, Virginia Hellner, Contralto. Chairman, Mrs. Walter J. Springer. Hostesses, Mrs. C. Booth, Mrs. H. Graham and Mrs. C. Kaufman

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, Jan. 9, 8 p.m.—Guest speaker, Kay Duffy, Studio Director and Instructor Helen-Kay School of Charm and Modeling. "Highlights of Charm and Modeling." Anderson Hall.

Jan. 23—An Interesting Business Meeting. All members and interested friends invited.

Men's Club—Meets January 22nd, 8 p.m. in Anderson Hall. They will present a Movie under the auspices of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the State of Ill. "You the People" with a short address by Sgt. Alvin Rowder. also, extra attractions, refreshments. Ladies night. Guest fee 50c.

The Uptown Players—Studios 869 N. Dearborn St. MIchigan 2-3105.

Sunday, Jan. 7th, January Drama Tea in Anderson Hall at 4 o'clock. Betty Carter of The Players, will direct a one-act play. The January production is "Shadow and Substance," by Paul Vincent Carroll, which was a great success on Broadway, receiving the Critics' Award. Saturday night, Jan. 13th and Sunday matinee, Jan. 14th, with a cast of ten, headed by J. Bradley-Griffin. Auditions, Jan. 21st, at Studios.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)—
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Ushers' Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.... 7:30 p.m.
Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month,
Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WIND—Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:45 a.m. (560 on the dial)
WJJD—Every Sunday, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. (1160 on the dial)
WBBM—Every Sunday night at 10:15 (780 on the dial)
WGN-TV—Every Monday night 8-8:30 (channel 9)

PEOPLES CHURCH

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The first meeting of the New Year in the Woman's Club will be held on January 8th, Monday afternoon, at 1 o'clock. The Civil Service and Law Observance Department will be in charge of the meeting, with Mrs. F. C. Klemp, Chairman. She will present Hon. Robert J. Dunn, Judge of the Juvenile Court, as guest speaker. The music will be given by the Chorus of the Park Ridge School for Girls.

The hostesses of the afternoon will be Mrs. W. Blyth, Mrs. H. Gaensslen and Mrs. J. Goode.

On Monday, January 22nd, at 1 p.m., in Anderson Hall, the Public Health Department, Mrs. Walter J. Springer, Chairman, will present Mr. R. W. Artis, District Supervisor of Federal Bureau of Narcotics as Guest Speaker. Guest artist will be Virginia Hellner, Contralto. Hostesses are Mrs. C. Booth, Mrs. H. Graham and Mrs. C. Kaufman.

* * *

MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club are having a Ladies Night at their January meeting, to be held on Monday, January 22nd, at 8 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

A film called "You, the People," will be presented by the Crime Prevention Bureau of the State of Illinois, to be followed by a talk on the film by Sgt. Alvin Rowder. Extra attractions will be presented. Guest fee is 50c.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The January production of The Uptown Players will be "Shadow and Substance," by Paul Vincent Carroll. J. Bradley-Griffin, director of The Players, will take part in the play as well as direct it. This play, a great success on Broadway, received the Critics' Award as the best play of the season. It is a deeply emotional drama, flavored with a fineness of spirit that will have a special appeal. There are ten people in the cast.

Dates of the production are Saturday night, January 13th, and Sunday matinee, the 14th.

On Sunday, January 7th, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, The Players will present their January Drama Tea. A one-act play will be given under the direction of the very talented Betty Carter. The regular monthly auditions for January will be held Sunday afternoon, January 21st, at the Studios, 869 N. Dearborn St. Anyone interested in any phase of the theatre is welcome to audition.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Members of the Business Woman's Club and their women friends will be especially interested in the January meeting of the Club to be held Tuesday, January 9th.

Guest speaker will be Helen Duffy, who is Director and Instructor at the Helen-Kay School of Charm and Modeling. Miss Duffy will talk on "Highlights of Charm and Modeling."

The meeting will be at 8 o'clock p.m., in Anderson Hall of the Church. The public is welcome and refreshments will be served.

On Tuesday, January 23rd, the Business Women will hold their January business meeting. This is the meeting of each month where truly interested members and friends of the club make themselves known by their attendance.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

WHAT do we mean when we refer to a person having "tone?" Or what do we mean when we say a book has a certain "tone?" I think that each of us has a very definite comprehension of what the word "tone" used in this almost romantic, if not wholly poetic sense, implies. If we lift it out of the realm of the exact, into the beauty of imagery, it takes on a very unusual and significant meaning.

I am concerned with "The Victorious Tone;" an attitude toward life which we have developed out of our philosophy of life; developed from experience, for a person's philosophy is very largely the result of one's experience. It is not something at which we arrive through reasoning merely, or by applying the knowledge we might have gained in the intellectual sphere. A philosophy of life is something we develop and acquire, and is conditioned by the experiences we have had.

A person's philosophy of friendship is based on the kind of people one has had for friends; a person's patriotism, I think, is very largely conditioned by the kind of country one has had to love. When we can say of an individual that he has a good philosophy of life, I think we can almost come to the conclusion dogmatically that he has always fostered, encouraged, looked for, hoped for and worked out the victorious tone of life. He will not succumb to cynicism or permit the tyranny of the little hatreds and bickerings of life to rob him of the full tone of life; he will never be an individual who has buried himself in a little groove of existence and who sees every part of life through lenses colored by his own limitations. He will have developed a spaciousness and a magnanimity. He will have developed a graciousness and the strength of gentility; he will have thought of life in terms of its royal adventure. He could not possibly become a bigot because he realizes that truth is ever in process of

unfoldment and enlargement. He will not be a person who has lived in a narrow house circumscribed by walls which shut out the loveliness of earth and of his fellowmen, but he will be a person who has developed an appreciation for the "tone" of life.

Now what can we say about the "tone" of our modern life? It is a sobering thought. It does not drive us into despair or hopelessness, but it certainly sobers us, when we look out at the "tone" of men's hatreds, our little almost inarticulate suspicions, our areas of self-interest, our unwillingness to co-operate with others — these tones that we hear, the overtones, the undertones, they are sobering thoughts for us all.

The whole idea of progress and development and achievement is comparatively new. Marcus Aurelius, though one of the greatest of all ancient philosophers and thinkers, had no vision of it. He said the future and history was not like a river, which flows on and on to something finer and better, but was like the ocean, rising and falling, rising and falling, but the point to which it rose and fell never changed.

Then there was an opening of the universe which even these great minds never comprehended. Galileo and Copernicus took us from the little self-centered conception of a universe carried on the back of a turtle and introduced us to the whole planetary system of the cosmos, to the law of gravitation, to a coordinated, cohesive universe which was operating on immutable laws, which could not be abrogated or rescinded—then came the history of the conquest of the western hemisphere, and man applied his ingenuity to the creation of a favorable environment in which he could experience the luxury of living with his fellowmen with a minimum degree of personal sacrifice and a maximum degree of personal enjoyment and material comforts.

Man seemed to take upon himself the nature of the gods. There were no barriers, no mountains, no obstacles. He created self-comfort unprecedented; transported himself more quickly from place to place; was able to translate the physical equipment with which he was surrounded into the opportunity for ease and comfort and affluence and safety and security.

We became flabby—morally flabby. We violated ethical and moral standards. We developed a corporate conscience, and it was a different kind of conscience to the conscience in our individual breasts. Man was surfeited with those emphases which brought him to the chasm. We built high buildings but they did not save us. The fine buildings could not carry us through. The "tone" was false. It was not enough.

Our bigness is never enough. We must be great. If we had been great it would all have been different. Then we stripped and denuded ourselves of the superficial emphases and of the distortions and our souls stood nude in the presence of the eternal truth; and we had to balance in the scales of human justice our souls against our material things, and the "tone" of that hour was good.

In the long, long years in which man was crawling into the light, God gave man freedom. Freedom to choose his route, with earth enough, sky enough, land enough! Why did we think we could go overfed in a world where 300 million people were starving to death? The most fundamental truth in the world is "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Then we found our soul and the money poured into the channels of mercy. Our money was touched by the victorious tones of our past failures and past sins. It soothed. It quieted. And our boys, blood of our

blood, went striding the highways of the spheres, their heads high, singing—America has found her soul! The bigness of our institutions went, the richest stood beside the poorest to help, and America found her soul.

By all the powers we can summon; with all the strength which we can muster; with all the dreams we can dream, let us never, never, never again trade our souls for a mess of pottage! For there is nothing a man can give in exchange for his soul. Let us keep the victorious tone in 1951.

BOOK CHATS

THIS is a very appropriate season in which to suggest to our readers the book "Mid-Century," by John Ely Burchard. As I write these lines only four days are left in the first half of the Twentieth Century. It is quite natural that those concerned with the next hundred years and the entire future of the world and our own country, our children, our children's children and their children, should turn a glance backward, as Mr. Burchard has done, to see if in what we have experienced we cannot find something of such an integrated character that we can prevent the next fifty years from being what the last fifty have been. Many of us who are alive today have lived through the entire fifty years. I was nearly twelve years old when this century was born. I was in school and I can recall vividly that memorable New Year's Eve when December 31, 1899, passed on and January 1, 1900, was born. I remember, even though I was just a lad, how difficult it was to get accustomed to writing 19 first, and not 18. Some have difficulty in remembering to write correctly the last digit of the new year. A lot of people will be writing 1950 for quite a while in 1951, but unless you have had the experience of changing the whole number, you will not appreciate the difficulty which people had in starting the new century.

There are certain nostalgic recollections and memories which those of us who have lived through the fifty years cannot help but appreciate, and certain memories that are infinitely precious and which grow significant in the light of contemporary history.

These fifty years have been appraised by our contemporary historians as the most momentous in the entire history of mankind. That statement does not mean so much to the contemporary age as it will when the historian of the year 2,000 and the year 3,000 writes. There will be a year 3,000 and a year 5,000. Someone somewhere some day will begin that 30th and that 50th century, just as you and I began the 20th century. When we begin an appraisal of that 50 years, then the full significance of the past 50 years will be revealed. We are too close to it. We have many generations rising up in America now who are so much a part of all that is, that they have no awareness of any period of time that was different from this.

Even in my lifetime I remember vividly the first automobile. I remember when there was only one family in my church that had an automobile, and I remember the sensation that was created when that family would drive up to the Church. The people would turn and gasp. I remember when they put a telephone in a doctor's office and

one in a grain elevator that was half a mile away, in the village where I lived. The Doctor said to me, "Son, would you like to talk on the telephone? This is the first telephone installed in this community, and there is another one at the end of the line in the grain elevator." Why there used to be a constant parade into the Doctor's office, and we would have someone hurry and get to the grain elevator and we would talk to them on the telephone, and I can recall the thrill it was then. Now, I think the telephone is the most unmannerly institution we have, and the most tyrannical. To those who cannot remember the first incandescent light, the first automobile, the first telephone, the first railroad, the first, first, first of all the things that a whole generation today have lived with, there is no romance about it at all. They lived in a world and were born into a situation that was here, so they cannot have an appreciation or an evaluation of the time when these things were not.

The one man who casts the shadow of his personality upon the entire fifty years, and who lived for the first 13 of those years is the great Edison; and all that has been done in electronic energy and in furthering the mastering of those intricate and delicate and complicated secrets of energy can be traced back to the genius of Thomas Edison; and when you take the perspective of these years in every department of life, the interesting thing about this mid-century is, as we look back, we see the men and women who were all firsts. They had no pattern; many of them were individualists.

Just see what has happened within the framework of these fifty years in the field of politics, the theatre, art, music, science and education. No other period in all the preceding history of mankind can even approximate it. It is not necessary to spend very much time in thinking about the materialistic aspect of it, the scientific achievement. We are all familiar with that. When we think of progress, we ask ourselves a question which is a good question in mid-century: Has civilization a pattern, or is it a lopsided, accidental process? Is there a definite outline for human history? To those who believe in progress there is a pattern in history. To those who believe there isn't any such thing as progress basically and who can quote many experiences of humanity to affirm their conclusions, there is no definite pattern to human history whatever. There are two schools of thought here, and as we look back across these fifty years, the oscillation on the chart of achievement went up and down, until if one believes there is such a thing as progress in civilization, he will be cheered to find that the most depressive points in the oscillations of the ascendancy chart were always higher than any previous experience.

There are those who are so realistic in their concept of civilization and they themselves are such perfectionists in the ideal of civilization, that every setback is considered by them to be an argument against civilization. But I think if we think through that idea a little bit we will discover its fallacy, because the setback, no matter whether it is a second world war or a third world war, is never as far back as humanity was before. We have in our consciousness a persistency toward hurrying things and toward hurrying civilization, but the fact of the matter is, you cannot hurry evolutionary processes. You can hurry revolutionary processes, but if you believe in evolution, as I believe, and of evolution as a form of prolonged revolution, which it fundamentally is, then you do not have any difficulty with this idea, because man has and is at the present time breaking

out in a world revolution. We are in a world revolution now. This age is a revolutionary age, but through the very processes of this revolutionary position itself, there are evidences that it is a part of a longer process which only can be called evolutionary and not revolutionary; so if one dogmatically says there is no progress—man has always fought and always will; has always killed and always will; has had a few isolated examples of courage, but they are not the common property of the human race, he is not being realistic in seeing the long evolutionary process; and as he looks at the last fifty years, he comes face to face with an affirmation of his belief in progress rather than its denial.

I am not naive enough to think of materialistic progress as being the kind of progress I am talking about. Toynbee, the great master of all contemporary historians, tells us there have been nineteen civilizations and fifteen of those have completely passed; and I think the archaeologists and entomologists have been able to state that that is exactly true. There are four extant civilizations today, and one or two of those have almost expired, but we can classify four civilizations in the modern world. I do not accept the idea of materialistic progress as an affirmation of real progress. The mere fact that we can fly faster than birds, swim better than the fish under the sea, or that we can whisper and be heard around the world, and the whole world can come into your home or mine so that we can look at a fire taking place in another city, which means communication and the facility of information have been increased with startling rapidity within the past decade,—I do not accept all this as a sign of progress. I do not think that indicates civilization at all. Civilization isn't the radio; but civilization is what we hear on the radio. Civilization isn't the interesting moving picture technique whereby they can imprison in celluloid personalities, and project tone quality and personality in a play. Civilization is what kind of a play are you seeing; what kind of a play do you like? What do you respond to?

We have been told three things constitute the basis of civilization: the discovery of fire. Man was utterly primitive until he learned how to control fire; then he started making implements and eating cooked food, and his whole biological structure changed and his whole social relationship developed. Fire was probably the most singly important thing in man's struggle. The second thing was the invention of printing; when man found a way in which he could imprison his thoughts and could make them available to multitudes with type and printing, that was the second step. And the third was the invention of gunpowder. You can trace the whole procession of civilization as somewhere inter-related to these three things.

It would be utterly stupid and foolish and absurd for anyone to believe or to accept the idea that any of our modern scientific, materialistic achievements in themselves mean progress. We can have them all and fade out of the picture. We can have them all and not preserve our civilization. I think China is an example of that. The lost arts of Asia are affirmations to me of this interpretation of history, for they have many lost arts. There are those who believe that the Chinese had the aerial invention. There are those who have found evidences in the Chinese background that in dead and forgotten centuries they understood certain inventions that are unknown to us. The same thing is true of India and of Egypt. Man's scientific and materialistic achievement is very great. No one yet,

after all of the scientist's study and investigation, no one yet has ever found the secret of the Egyptian mummy. No one yet has ever known what chemical was used in the fabric, or what secret the Egyptians had, that kept in a state of preservation the human body for three to five thousand years. We have never discovered it. There are certain laboratories in universities both in this country and in Europe that have devoted their time to nothing but an attempt to find out what these Egyptians knew of preservation.

Now think of all this, and then you come to the fifty years in which there has been crowded more than in the previous 5,000 years, and you and I have lived through it. It is an appalling fact to me as I have been thinking about it, that all who are over 50 and I am one of those, have been privileged to live through the half of a century that will influence all the rest of human history!

Now we must step over from the materialistic side into the side in which the institution of government is involved. I remember very well the day Queen Victoria died. I remember the moment we heard in our little village that William McKinley was assassinated and that Theodore Roosevelt was President for the first time; and in the coming of Edward VII to the throne of England and in the coming of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency of the United States, a whole new era in the political and governmental formation of this world was inaugurated. There was the end of the Victorian age and the beginning of the age of Teddy Roosevelt. Then those first fourteen years until that memorable August of 1914, when there dropped out of a clear sky the flash of lighting, and that flash of lighting lighted the fire of every powder magazine in the world, and it has not ceased flashing to this day. Inspired by the assassination of the Arch Duke Ferdinand and his wife, by a crazed Serbian student in the little town of Bosnia in Serbia, a conflagration was started and the embers have not burned out yet. That was the first tragedy of the Twentieth Century.

Now what happened? Why were these processes so uncontrollable? Man entered into power politics on an international basis and Mr. Roosevelt started talking the philosophy of speaking softly but carrying the big stick; and Edward the VII and the Kaiser of Germany, who were cousins, and the Czar of Russia, who was another cousin, started to play the game, together with the President of France in the third Republic since Napoleon,—they started to play the old game of balance of power and that led to some interesting things. It led straight through the door to World War II, and the door is beginning to creak as it opens into World War III, and when you look at it objectively, in the light of historical processes, what do you see? You and I recall the days of World War I. I was in the heart of Europe when it broke out, and wrote emergency passports in our Embassy in Paris, for United States Ambassador Mr. Herrick, and saw the first boys march down the Champs Elysées, and heard the roar of the guns. And on the highway to the Channel, one of the most vivid recollections was the bringing of the men in carloads, in bundles wrapped in wire, from the battle of Nemur and Liege and piling them into pits and covering them with lime—the same lads I had seen march down the Champs Elysées. I came back to America in that fall of 1914 and could see the dawn of this ghastly policy of balance of power. And what happened from that war? Ostensibly and physically, in a materialistic sense, we won that war. And then the same thing happened: That same inability to in-

tegrate the economic well-being of a people after they had been ruined by the exhaustion and futility of war, and so at the end of it, we gave to the people of Europe the most unworkable, impractical plan that any victor ever gave to a vanquished—and that was, the unworkable, impossible Dawes plan. Pretty soon 80,000 Central Europeans were hungry and in revolution and angry.

Then came Hitler and then Mussolini, and then Stalin and Karl Marx and Lenin to prey upon the misery and anguish and the unemployment and the hunger of millions of Europeans. Dictators are not causes. They are results. If we had done what we ought to have done in the economic and industrial restoration of our enemies in 1918 we never would have had World War II and never would have heard of Mussolini or Hitler. They would have remained mad men, as they were. They had a psychological pattern back of them. So did Lenin, after he went in that sealed box car across Germany from Switzerland, where he was making speeches on a soap box; and Trotsky went from the office where he was editing a foreign newspaper in New York, and went to the Red Square in Moscow, and met Lenin; and there was Kerensky, the first Republican of Russia; and they adopted a constitution for Russia based on the Constitution of the United States. It had an upper and lower house of the Dumont, like our Senate and House. And Alexander Kerensky, with that new-born paper of freedom was desperate; he went to France and said, "You are a great empire; our Czar is gone, our church and state are separated." (The Communists did not separate the church and state in Russia. The Social Democrats of Russia did, and they were not Communists.) They had nothing to do with the pacifists. Lenin was there; Trotsky was in New York, and Alexander Kerensky was desparate for help and went to France and Great Britain, and he said to Great Britain: "You are a strong and powerful nation, victorious, and a world power. We have a little democracy, born there out of the revolution. Help us." Britain said "No." France said "No." And the United States said "No." Every democratic power in the world turned their back on Alexander Kerensky, and the Social Democrats of Russia; and then in November, came Lenin. The historians of the period will affirm that had the Republic of France and the British Empire and the United States of America supported Alexander Kerensky, (who was neither a Jew nor a Communist) in Russia at a time when they had leveled the autocracy, and the mad monk Rasputin was dead, and the royal family were in prison, and the church and state were separated, all would have been different; but the democratic nations of the world turned their backs, and that is when they sowed to the wind and tonight they are reaping the whirlwind.

The democratic nations of the world were not powerful and strong in the courage of their own faith, when they should have been. In just a few more years we see the same thing done over again. Japan could have been stopped at Manchuria, where she didn't belong; and where for more than 2,000 years she had not one single right on the Asiatic mainland. She went back to Manchuria. There wasn't a democratic nation at that hour that said "You get back to your own island." Everybody tempered and said, "Don't say anything; it might mean war." Japan couldn't have fought then. She had no oil; she couldn't have fought. The same thing when the sawdust Caesar Mussolini got away with Ethiopia. The democratic nations were silent. And when

the beast of Berlin, Hitler, went into the Ruhr Valley to impress his own people with his military power, which he did not have at the time, and all night long he asked "Has Paris spoken; has Washington spoken on the war?" Then at dawn with glee he cried, "Ah, I got away with it. I am in the Ruhr." One word from the combined democratic nations of the world at that time would have sent him back to Berlin, for he couldn't have stood the assault. We gave him a balance of power and we found ourselves inveigled into having Japan our ally in World War I. Japan was fighting on our side; and by the time World War II arrived, Japan was our enemy and we were not fighting with Japan. The balance of power! And the tragic spectacle today of a split Germany; a Germany that was crushed and conquered and on its knees once, now re-arming. Now we must have a strong, powerful Germany again, because now Russia, who was on our side in World War II and our ally, is no longer on our side in this foolish question of balance of power; and the statesmen of the world are gambling with the life of the world. Now we must re-arm our enemy! Be strong in order to kill! And our enemy was once our friend. A strange conglomeration, strange mixtures, and confusion. Balance of power! While nations in one era are our friends and in the next era are our enemies, and the next they are friends again; and in between two great wars, with twenty-two million dead, while the hosts who go to be slain really do not know what it is all about; until finally, just as we begin to see the dawn, we find this first half century converging into two points, and both those points constitute the basic philosophy of the materialism of communism. Now the world is in two camps and only two. The line of demarkation runs straight through the middle. You have to accept the theory of the uncontrollable tyranny and the totalitarian quality of your own environment; that there is a finality to this environment that gets nowhere. There is no place there for anything that will approximate a prayer to a Supreme Being, begging and agonizing before a Supreme Being to be delivered from the agony of its own selfishness. Nothing happens except more trouble. This philosophy of the finality of environment and that we are victims of an uncontrollable environment is the basic philosophy of Karl Marx—it is economic determinism, which is conquering the jobless, hungry world. That's why the stirring of Asiatic rumblings, and in the Philippines, in Puerto Rico and in India. People are swept into their loyalties upon the basis of economic determinism—and the other aspect of it that must grow up with it and become a part of it—the sovereignty of the state. These two things are again in the world — economic determinism and state sovereignty; and the idea that man has no business being a cog or a number or a machine, but a living, breathing soul, is now on the defensive. Man is in a bewildered, frightened world.

Those of us who have had the western civilization have seen this economic determinism and the materialistic philosophy grow up from our own inability, in spite of all our machinery and our high standard of living. We have the loveliest life in the world in America, but while we were achieving that loveliness and beauty, the standard of living for millions and millions has declined and grown less; and even though we have had scientific achievement, the inner restlessness is there and the philosophy of Karl Marx is under it. He spent 22 years of his life writing Das Capital, living in a London garret, a man who let his own children starve

and never made a hundred pounds a year in his life, yet out of that life has come an interpretation which has lasted these fifty years, and now we know the issue.

There has been a lot of confusion since 1912, 1914, 1918, 1941 and 1945. Now we know, and the issue is between fatalistic economic determinism, that man is the victim of his environment, that he has no control over it, and that the state owns him, and has a right to say to him "You can believe this; you can worship here; you can think this, but you are no longer an individual. You are just a cog in a machine." And against the psychological economic disaster of a civilization and against the policy of the imperialistic nations in the world, the tragedy is there and the crisis.

I wish I could live through the next 50 years. There may be some young man or young woman reading these lines who will. Someone who is 20 will be 70 and may live through these 50 years. They will be distinguished not in scientific achievement, not in inventive achievement, but man will increasingly find a way to create the technique by which his spiritual and unifying attributes will take advantage of the scientific achievement, and will create a different world atmosphere entirely. I look for refutation of the balance of power. I think a new school of diplomacy will arise in the world in the next ten or fifteen years. We cannot keep this up. It has failed tragically for a thousand years and failed tragically in the last fifty years. This dependence upon allies and balance of power; no one knows who an ally is any more. Nations do not know who their friends are; it is impossible to analyze. A scrap of paper means nothing. A political atmosphere may change overnight.

All that will pass and there will be a spiritual unification that will come to mankind. I say that because I am an incorrigible idealist. I believe that everything happening in the world today, agony, torture, anxiety, tragedy, that it is all but the birthpangs of a new and better world. I think the whole world today is in the maternity ward and, like all maternity wards, there is great danger and sacrifice and out of it all will come refinement and reformation.

Man is designed for something great and fine and high, and he is restless. As Plato and all the others have told us, "The restless spirit of man will remain restless and questing until it finds its rest in spiritual power" and that is going to be the imperative that will work out its destiny in human relations and national relations. I cannot prove that; I can only say we will just have to wait and see. You will just have to live long enough, but I see verification for it in page after page of human history. There is a pattern—an historical process—a destiny. Man is not a machine; he is not a cog. Man is superior to any government ever conceived by his own mind. No government yet designed by man was ever good enough or great enough to govern a man without that man's consent. That's the philosophy upon which our nation was founded, and we have not romanticized and dramatized that truth for the world. They have grown suspicious of us and angry at us, but we have given of our substance, our rich earth and the warm red blood of our youth in this game of power balance. It is not the answer, but there is an answer; and as the last fifty years have created the problem, for they have been years of problem creation, the next fifty years will be years of problem solution. We are in for a hundred years perhaps of agony and misery, but they will be the prelude to a future which will be higher in the scale of human goodness

and beauty and truth, and when we reach that scale there will be setbacks then, too. There will be defeats, too, and heartaches, but there will be another plateau and another plateau, for man has caught a glimpse of the faraway places of peace and beauty and he will get there; he will—he will! It is your business and mine in this hour to speed humanity on its way.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SO here we are in the month of Resolutions! Not only that; we have jumped right across a bank of snow into another year, called 1951! Whew! I for one am all out of breath! In the first place, to go back a little (one is supposed to be allowed to do that at the beginning of a new year, you know), all during the month of December, as we trudged through snow and more snow and more snow, and those who are responsible for keeping the walks clean in front of homes were bending over their shovels with grim determination or with rosy-cheeked delight, depending on whether they could treat the situation as a lark or as an extra duty on a duty-filled day—all during the month it was hard to realize that for many years past we have longed for "just a little snow before Christmas," so that it might "seem like Christmas." Someone even wrote a song about "longing for a white Christmas"—a mighty pretty song it was, but no one seems to have been singing it this year. Yet if snow were needed to make it "seem like Christmas" then surely we should have had the "Christmas spirit" in abundance. What I started to say was that last month Christmas just sort of slipped up on us all unaware and threw its work in our laps. We went through all the motions that the season demanded, yet somehow to myself and to those of the household surrounding the Study from which this Mail Bag is written, it just didn't seem as though Christmas was really around the corner. The heavy schedule of extra church calendars had to be prepared, the Christmas cards poured in, Christmas broadcasts were given, everything happened that usually happens at Christmas, except that something was missing!

Many households will be missing a dearly loved one at this season of the year, so that was not all of it, this different feeling. I think it must be something that is world-wide this year. We are so incensed, so non-plussed, so absolutely puzzled, so aroused and amazed that the whole world doesn't know that we want peace, or if it does know, that it hasn't somehow managed to let us have it, that we are partly paralyzed and benumbed to a state where we cannot fully feel the ordinary emotions of other Christmases.

Well, that is as far back as I intend to go in looking backward to December when I have already jumped over that snowbank into January. Now here we are, right on the path of 1951, and what can we do to help bring about what the

whole world wants—Peace! How I wish I knew! Interestingly enough, just a few moments ago I read these words, written by Thomas à Kempis: "It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and everyone willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing."

If anyone is looking for a well thought out resolution for 1951, it seems to me this is one we might all struggle with and contemplate thoughtfully. If to live at peace with all men is a "manly thing," then let our prayer for 1951 be this:

" 'God give us men!' and make us all more truly 'manly.' "

* * *

And now the Mail Bag demands our attention, and the first letter is from one who has, it seems, just "found" Dr. Bradley on the air:

"Dr. Preston Bradley, Dear Sir: I happened to tune in your special Thanksgiving Service from The Peoples Church.

"I feel obligated to advise you that your message was one of the most inspiring I have ever had the good fortune to hear in my 50 years of life with all its tragedies.

"I am deeply appreciative, and may you bring us many more messages is my sincere wish.

Very respectfully,

John J. Hancock,

1228 Elmdale Avenue, Chicago."

We are always gladdened to hear of one more who has "found" Dr. Bradley on the air, for we feel sure he will tune in again and again and receive inspiration, help and encouragement as so many hundreds of others are doing. Dr. Bradley appreciates his letter very much.

* * *

Here is a letter which came to us through the Evans Fur Company, who have sponsored Dr. Bradley's program for so many years, for the letter was addressed to them and reads:

"Dear Friends All: It is with pleasure that I write you. Though I have much to be thankful for, I choose especially to send hearty thanks to you, as a little token of my appreciation of your fine judgment of radio program values, which, through your benevolence and Dr. Bradley's wisdom, with its inherent power, is constantly bringing about much more Happiness, Unity, and the Self-Help Spirit that we are so much in need of in these trying times.

"I wish to say again, and bring it close to your hearts, that you can be justly proud of the real blessings which you are sending right into our homes. Would that everyone had the opportunity of listening, but we can do much by telling it to others.

"Now wishing you All a very Happy, joyous Season, and with sincerest gratitude, I remain, thankfully yours,

Mrs. Hattie Knop, Chicago 36, Ill."

We thought when reading this letter that if more people would write to more sponsors expressing their approval or disapproval of the programs offered, we might do much to elevate the type of programs offered in many instances. We are grateful to Mrs. Knop for writing the sponsor and expressing her views.

* * *

Maxine Beckmann of Wilmette, Illinois, writes a very thoughtful letter, expressing a very progressive and splendid idea in education:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: A simile you

use, so aptly expresses my wish—'To light a match in a darkened room.' What a privilege that would be!

"I wish to relate an experience in my youth, for which I am indeed most grateful. I was a member of a very active, liberal Protestant church. In retrospect I am most appreciative of the teachings and philosophies which have been an inspiring guidance to me through the years.

"One of the outstandingly fine things the Pastor contributed to the community was the opening of the doors of the church one night each week for a Church College. Here educators taught a variety of subjects, in an effort to align the personality of the individual for better living. One of its chief attributes was that no previous education was required; only a thirst for knowledge and a small admittance fee to care for the obvious expenses incurred.

"Psychology was artfully taught by a graduate of Northwestern, who gave an applicable treatment on healthful mental living. A Jewish Rabbi taught an inspiring course on 'History of Religions,' and all religions became fascinating through this brilliant scholar's capable interpretation.

"Could a reasonable facsimile of this Church College be serviceable in heightening the understanding of the individual? Could this type college give the participants a true perspective through the exemplary lessons that history alone can teach us? Oh, that we might learn through hindsight!

"Really, Dr. Bradley, why can't the churches organize to educate humanity? The majority of our voters obviously need enlightenment, and I believe it takes more than political counsel a few weeks prior to an election to gain the unselfish attitude so necessary to good government. I do believe a project of this kind could improve both the personality of the student and our government standards.

Sincerely,

Maxine Beckmann."

Yes, indeed, Miss Beckmann, if many churches wished to take up the idea, it might perhaps be possible to afford a group of traveling professors who would travel a city circuit. Especially good teachers are required in order for this type of instruction to be as effective as you outline, and good teachers are and should be well paid. But we like the idea.

* * *

Vallie Luce, one of our well-loved church members of long standing, sent in this interesting poem by Robert Davis. It is unusual in that it expresses thanks not so much for what he has received for himself, but for what he has received that he may pass on to others:

"I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread,
And that, beyond my need of meat,
For friend unfed:
I thank Thee much for bread to live,
I thank Thee more for bread to give.

I thank Thee for my quiet home,
'Mid cold and storm,
And that, beyond my need, is room
For friend forlorn:
I thank Thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load:
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is Thy love I share."

* * *

Following is a letter from Mr. E. L. Essley, present address 5763 N. Bay Road, Miami Beach, Florida, which Dr. Bradley was very happy to receive and to publish here:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: We subscribe

to The Liberalist, and in the November issue is your sermon of October 8th, 'That Impossible Church.' You spoke of the dedication 24 years back, also that only one member of that original Board of Trustees was now living.

"I shall have to take issue with you on this. My wife and I have been members almost from the time you started to preach, when Dr. Stewart was President of the Board, at the old Wilson Ave. Theatre, then the Pantheon Theatre and later moved to your own church building.

"We were both present at the dedication service and I was a member of the Board of Trustees for some years and signed all the Bonds with all the other trustees. I am past 84 and we are both in very good health. We are residents of Florida and spend about seven months here in winter and five months in Evanston.

"We have not attended your church for some time, because it is almost impossible to drive an auto in Chicago, much less find a place to park one, but we always listen to your sermons over the radio and even your fifteen-minute talks while you are away in Europe. We are always with you in spirit if not in person.

"WJJD has no connection in Miami, so we do not hear your sermons here, but we do have your framed picture on our library table and can see you if not hear you.

Sincerely yours,
E. L. Essley."

* * *

We close the Mail Bag with this letter from F. Lee Allen, telling about a neighborhood news-boy:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Because our news-boy thinks so highly of you, he has asked me to please send you this article which appeared in the November issue of The Grain and Feed Review, a National Publication.

"Bill tells me that he once met you and that you were so kind that he has never forgotten you.

"May God bless you and the great work and good that you do for everyone.

"My family never miss your broadcasts. We let nothing interfere with our hearing you.

Sincerely yours,
F. Lee Allen,
Chicago, Ill."

Here is the article which Mr. Allen enclosed in his letter:

"FORTITUDE

"Bill—so badly crippled by polio that he walks with difficulty even with a cane—has a newsstand at Ainslie and Sheridan in Chicago. Every day—for more than twelve years—good weather or bad—he's been on the job cheerfully serving his customers. What a contrast to the spineless idlers who, rather than work, accept government relief—tax money collected from men like Bill. Hats off!—to the many 'Bills' across our great country—yours is the 'Spirit of 1776'—the spirit that will preserve the freedom and liberty that makes America the wonder nation of the world. Bill's name is William Osheroff, 4870 Sheridan Road.

Lowell Hoit & Co."

* * *

May the courage that "Bill" exhibits be ours in 1951. A Happy, Good New Year to you all.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

A GREEK PRAYER

Life is full of jungles—all kinds of jungles, many of them as vicious, unattractive, deathly, as the jungles of Coral Islands. Fighting the jungle, tearing, breaking, leveling the jungles about us, is one of our tasks as individuals every day and hour of life. Are you, and I, equal to the challenge of the jungle? Are we able to marshal the instruments which can cut at the roots —the mass of protecting tree and winding roots which make a safe place for those who would destroy and hurt and mutilate us?

What are some of these jungles? I am sure that they have occurred to many of you already; and that you have in your own mind thought of some of the jungles—the jungle of fear, envy, prejudice, cowardice, lies, viciousness, cruelty, vengeance; all these constitute the environment for the enemies which would destroy us, and there is only one way to handle them, and that is to cut them down, root and branch, releasing their poisonous vapors and steaming atmosphere, venomous and deadly snakes and scorpions, wild beasts and devouring animals, all of which are in conspiracy against every decent, beautiful thing which man is capable of realizing, appreciating and expressing. And you can go about this as steadily, as methodically, and as persistently as does the snail.

Here, given by Gilbert Murray, the great classical scholar, is a translation of a Greek prayer which is just as powerful and potent today as it was when first uttered, 2,000 years ago. Perhaps it would help us in clearing our jungles of life:

"May I be no man's enemy and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides.

"May I never quarrel with those nearest me, and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly.

"May I never devise evil against any man. If any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him.

"May I love, seek and attain only that which is good.

"May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none.

"May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has ruined me.

"When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends.

"May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent.

"May I never fail a friend in danger.

"May I respect myself.

"May I always keep tame that which rages within me.

"May I accustom myself to be gentle and never be angry because of circumstances."

If all of us applied these simple, impressive words, uttered by the ancient Greeks, we could clear the jungle of our lives so completely and thoroughly that the destructive enemies lurking and lingering there would never have an opportunity for our destruction and defeat. We would create for ourselves such an environment that the transformation would seem like a miracle to ourselves, and the jungle beasts, which we fear and which so many of us are unable to destroy, would annihilate themselves. We would prove a very old technique, but one which is difficult of application, and yet whose efficiency cannot be questioned: the way to overcome evil is by the ancient formula—to overcome it with good.

Evil cannot live in the presence of good. Evil men, evil principles, have

within themselves the capacity for their own destruction. He who overcometh evil with good has won a permanent, conclusive victory over the jungles of life.

I know a man who often took an unreasoning dislike to some other person and this formed a serious jungle in his life. I suppose we sometimes dislike people because we have no interest in them, but if we become interested, we come to know them better, and the dislike vanishes, and making and keeping friends is a beautiful thing. Life is too short for misunderstanding or unkindness.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

November

1—Radio Address. WIND
Address. National Business Leaders Assn., Hotel LaSalle
Opening Book Lecture. 18th Season. Peoples Church. 1200 present.

2—Radio Address. WIND (El. Tr.)
Address. Rotary Club, Rockford, Ill., LaFayette Hotel
Address. 80th Anniversary, Church of the Christian Union, Rockford

3—Radio Address. WIND
Cutting record. WBBM
Address. Chicago Public Library, Oakwood Branch

5—Two Services. Peoples Church
Opening Radio Broadcast WBBM

6—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Luncheon, Art Institute. Pre-view Vienna Art Exhibit

7—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Drake Hotel. Natl. Assn. of Suggestion Systems
Address. Men's Club Dinner. Men's Club of Hinsdale Union Church

8—Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

9—Radio Address. WIND
Address. High School Auditorium. Kewanee, Ills.

10—Radio Address. WIND
Luncheon. University Club. Prof. Gray and Judge Jerome Dunn re educational plans
Meeting at tea with the poet, T. S. Eliot

12—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM

13—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Annual Meeting. Near West Side Community Council. Hull House

14—Radio Address. WIND
Unitarian Service Dinner with Marshall Field and Miss Fogg
Address. Men's Club, Washington Blvd. Temple

15—Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Opened Annual Bazaar of Peoples Church

16—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Central Lions Club. LaSalle Hotel
Attendance at Bazaar

17—Radio Address. WIND
Attendance at Bazaar

19—Two Services. Peoples Church
Address. Hebron Welsh Church. Rev. W. J. Griffith's Anniv.
Radio Address. WBBM

20—Radio Address. WIND
Cutting record. WIND
Address. Annual Award Dinner. Industrial Relations, Gary Hotel, Gary, Ind.

21—Radio Address. WIND (El. Tr.)
Address. State Conservation Annual Meeting. Turkey Run, Ind.

22—Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
23—Radio Address. WIND
Thanksgiving Sermon. Peoples Church
24—Radio Address. WIND
Address. Congregation B'nai Sholom
25—Authors' Luncheon. Mayfair Room. Blackstone Hotel
Address. Hotel Managers. Congress Hotel
26—Two Services. Peoples Church
Radio Address. WBBM
27—Radio Address. WIND
Address. PTA. Rushville High School Auditorium, Rushville, Ills.
28—Radio Address. WIND
29—Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church. Llewellyn Jones, Guest Speaker
30—Radio Address. WIND
Annual Dinner. Line O' Type, Chicago Bar Assn. Rooms

FUNERALS

7—Frank Schubert
8—Mrs. Ella Pehl
Frank Grothman
13—Ivar Hennings of So. Bend, Ind.
24—Mrs. Agnes Carlson
25—Mrs. Mary Silverberg
28—Leo E. Busk

WEDDINGS

3—Mary Wehrenberg and Charles R. Tabbert
8—Rosemary Ruston and Richard L. Shrum
11—Audrey C. Kohl and Joseph J. Meyer
15—Lillian Brand Nelson and Conrad Lindberg
16—Gilda Valentine and George F. Arms
19—Elizabeth Harriman and Maurice Franklin Peck
22—Marie Skalsky and James L. Dillon
23—Joan A. Sadowski and George Reutell, Jr.
25—Olga Marolt and Frank Krol
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